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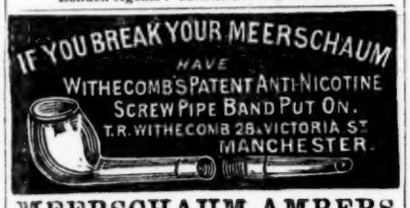

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The following are a few of the numberless Testimonials the Proprietor is daily receiving of their truly wonderful and valuable effects:—
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The Rev. R. Webster Boat has much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of Mr. Pritchard's "Teething and Fever Powders," which have been *most useful* to his children, not only in Teething, but at other times.
He never likes to be without them, and recommends their use to all his friends who have young children.
Pensnett Parsonage, near Dudley, Jan. 8th, 1864.
"Romiley, near Stockport, May 8th, 1864.
"Dear Sir,—Enclosed are 15 stamps, please to send me a packet of your invaluable 'Teething Powders,' they have saved me pounds. I can safely say that, if parents only knew the value of them and would give them to their children, many lives would thus be saved.—Yours truly,
"J. H. STEWART.
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How full of briars is this work-a-day world"—*Shakspere.*
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Hung low, and easy of access, suitable for Cob or Horse.—**Price £35 to £40,** according to finish.

THE HOUSE OF
LA GRANDE MARQUE, AT COGNAC
AND THE CHARENTE DISTRICT.

(From the Western Times.)

A correspondent writes :—"Having received an invitation from Mr. Victor Jouannet, the managing director of that extensive brandy house at Cognac, which is known in England under the title of La Grande Marque, I availed myself of it in order to inspect their enormous stock, and also that I might obtain some general information respecting the production of brandy in the Charante district. The Charante district, or as we should call it in England, the county of Charente, is one of the most interesting parts of France. This is owing to its production of brandy, the finest and most delicate spirit that can be distilled, and represents one of the most important sources of the general wealth of France. The largest town in the district is Angouleme, but Cognac, although having a population of only about 9,000, is the most important. This town is situated in the neighbourhood of the finest brandy producing vineyards, known as the champagne district of Cognac. The district which surrounds this and produces brandy next in quality and value is called Borderies, and the last, or as I may say the third growth, is produced in the outside district which extends round the towns of Angouleme, Saintes and Mirambeau, and almost to the banks of the river Garonne. This is called the Bois district. The pure Cognac brandy is distilled from wine grown in the three districts, Champagne, Borderies, and Bois, and this the leading houses of Cognac are most anxious to preserve in that native purity which has made Cognac so famous. Any merchant is regarded as acting fraudulently who dares to mix with the brandy of Charente district spurious spirit, or even spirit made from wine grown in any other district. The average crop of the Charente district is about 600 gallons of wine per acre, and the surface cultivated being 250,000 acres yield about 150,000,000 gallons, which, when distilled, represent 15,000,000 gallons as the average annual yield of brandy. It is the general impression in England that the distillation of brandy is performed by the Cognac houses, and that large firms are necessarily holders of large farms; but the brandy merchants are no more producers than our brewers are culivators of hops and barley. No large farms indeed exist in the Charente district. It is stated on good authority that there are not five proprietors who hold 75 acres of vineyard, not ten landowners possessing 40 acres, while holders of 12 acres do not exceed 30 in number. As in England the farmer goes to market with the sample of corn, so in the Charente district the French farmer attends the Cognac market with samples of his brandy, and thus the trade have to make up their stocks by the purchase of an innumerable number of small parcels. The stores of La Grande Marque, which are situated at the south end of the park of the town of Cognac, cover two acres of ground and hold 25,000 hogsheads, which contain about one and a half million gallons of the finest brandy that could be purchased, including the celebrated vintages of 1851, 1845, and 1835. To accumulate this enormous stock, purchases had to be made with some thousands of different farmers, and the value is of such an extent that it is insured with eighteen different Insurance Companies. The quality of the different samples of brandy varies very considerably, so that the superiority of the stock of a Cognac house depends entirely upon great judgment in their selections and the holding sufficient capital to be always able to buy at the right time and direct from the farmers."

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Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., Manchester. Manchester, March 23rd, 1870.
Gentlemen,—I have much pleasure in testifying that your New Lithographic Writing Ink is a great improvement on any other kind I have seen, and that it is almost impossible to detect the copies from the original handwriting. I have every confidence in recommending it to your customers. I remain, yours respectfully, *Pro* S. MENDEL, JOHN CLARKE.

To Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. 116, Portland Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.
Dear Sirs,—I have pleasure in stating that your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink has given me great satisfaction. I have used it on several occasions writing with a common steel pen on ordinary writing paper, and the copy has always turned out as distinct as could be wished. I can recommend the Ink to everybody, for the purpose of many-folding manuscripts.
Yours respectfully, ALF. WENNER.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Aytoun Street, Manchester, 4th August, 1869.
Gentlemen,—In reply to your enquiry, we consider your New Lithographic Ink to be quite equal to what you represent it to be. It affords us every satisfaction, and we prefer it specially, as being more expeditiously handled, and clearer in the impression than that in use with the transfer paper. Yours faithfully, ALEX. COLLIE & CO.

To Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester Mechanics' Institution, Sept. 8th, 1869.
Gentlemen,—I have great pleasure in testifying to the value of your New Lithographic Writing Ink. I have used it in the office with advantage, on the score both of economy and despatch. I am, Gentlemen, yours truly, E. L. JONES.

Messrs. J. G. Kershaw & Co., 37, Oxford Street. Manchester, 7th Dec., 1869.
Gentlemen,—We have much pleasure in testifying to the usefulness of your Patent Lithographic Transfer Writing Ink, which we have found to answer its purpose very well, and which we shall use, preferably to other similar compounds, as often as we have an opportunity, Yours truly, DROEGE & CO.

We annex prices at which we shall be happy to print, **at a moment's notice,** any Forms you may send us written with this Ink, and on ordinary Writing Paper.

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VOICES IN THE STREETS.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

"I tell thee, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain they are asses as that I am Don Quixote and thou Sancho Panza; at least, so they seem to me." "Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not such a thing; but snuff those eyes of yours."
CERVANTES.

(Two friends at dinner, at the hotel.)

"COME, Harry, you're not doing much. I like to see a man take his pound and his pint."

"I'm off my feed, Jack."

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, the weather, I suppose. Wet and warm, like Oldham brewis. It unlaces me from top to toe."

"But, you've not finished?"

"Finished! I had done before I begun. Here, waiter, take away."

"Come along to the smoke room."

"I'm ready."

* * * * *

"Well, now, you promised to tell me about your fellow-traveller, and his landing at Dublin.

"Oh, ay! Well; I had noticed him particularly as we went across on the boat; for he was a 'ken-speckle' sample of the Lancashire breed; and, though a man of few words, there was a merry twinkle in his eye; and every time he opened his mouth, his speech told the land of his birth at once. This was his first trip across the sea; and he was disguised in a new suit, that he evidently did not feel quite at home in. Somehow, we got very thick together on the boat, and we had a good deal of chat in the old dialect. I missed him in the bustle when we came to the pier; but I met with him afterwards, in the city, where he dined with me; and, as we sat over a glass of grog, he gave me an account of his reception on landing.

"But, in the first place, you know how the Irish car-drivers crowd down to meet the arriving boats; and how full of devil-may-care rollick and fun they are. When the luggage comes ashore, they have a trick of seizing the best pieces they can lay hands on; and when the owner comes up, the fiend is in it if they do not talk him into a car, before he knows where he is.

"By the bye, my fellow-traveller's name was Barker. Well; one of the car-men, attracted by the appearance of Barker's trunk, grabbed it at once, and, after carefully spelling out the name, B, a, r, bar, k, e, r, ker—Bar-ker—he cried out, 'Where the divil's Mister Barker?' Barker, hearing his name shouted in a strange land, looked round with surprise, and seeing Paddy dragging the trunk towards the car, he cried, 'Here; wheer arto for? Stop an' rosin! That's mine!' 'Ah, Mister Barker!' said Paddy, saluting our friend, 'Welcome to old Ireland, Mister Barker! Sure, I was lookin' out for ye this three weeks. Good luck to ye, Mister Barker!' 'Well,' replied Barker, 'This gi's my crop a twist, I don't know how thae comes to know what I'm code (called); for I never set fuut upo' this clod i' my life afore.' 'Ah, now, Mister Barker,' answered Paddy, 'don't be sayin' that to your own car-boy! Sure, didn't I smell ye on the boat.' 'Well,' said Barker, scratching his head, 'this caps my trash, owd lad, I tell thee again; for I never were here afore—that shall be true—an' thae keeps Barkerin', an' Barkerin', as if thee an' me had bin twins. I connot make it out.' 'Ah, come along, your honour,' replied Paddy; 'sure, it's myself knew the whole seed, breed, an' generation o' the Barkers before ye were born.' Well; Barker followed slowly, wondering how on earth Paddy came to have his name so pat at the end of his tongue. 'Now, jump up, your honour,' said Paddy, 'till I show ye the way we'll roll along!' 'Stop a minute,' said Barker, 'let's have a look at th' horse. Hello! This 'll do noan! It's nobbut three legs!' 'Faith, ye are right,' replied Paddy; 'an' it's just as well, for if he had four I wouldn't be able to hold him.' 'By th' mon,' said Barker, laughing, 'I's be like to have a ride wi' thee, owd lad; legs or no legs! But, howd,' continued he, laying his hand on Paddy's shoulder, 'I want tho to tell me th' names o' some o' th' main buildin's, as we riden by.' 'Well, indeed then,' replied Paddy, 'here's the one boy that's able for that, Mister Barker!' 'Well then,' said Barker, as he mounted the car, 'off witho; an' mind thae tells no lies i' thi talk; for thae'rt terrible lennock (pliant, glib) about th' tung; an' it's quare to me if thae artn't a bit leet gi'n, bi th' look on tho. Nea then; get agate o' rollin', as soon as tho likes.' 'Where will I drive to, your honour.' 'Thae may just plez (please) thy bonny sel',' replied Barker. 'Keep drivin' up an' down, till I tell tho to stop.' 'All right, your honour,' replied Paddy, giving the horse a switch; 'all right! Get along, out o' that, ye divil!' and away they went. 'I'll tell thee what, owd lad,' said Barker, leaning forward on the car, 'that's a quare mak (make) of a crayter 'at thae's getten between thoose shafts.' 'Is it the horse your honour?' enquired Paddy. 'Ay; if it be a horse,' replied Barker; 'but it favvours a sack-full o' fire-irons, as much as a horse. What doesto co' it?' 'Loightning, your honour.' 'Leetnin'! ay, well; it looks as if it had bin brought up o' moonshine an' yure-pins. Leetnin'! I never see'd a three-legged flash o' leetnin' afore! Is it a mare?' 'It is, your honour.' 'Why then, thae'll be havin' a spavin't thunner-bowt i'th' shafts some o' these days. * * * Howd, stop! What's yon buildin', i'th' front, yon?' 'That's the Parliamint Heawse, your honour.' 'Why; han yo a parliament here?' 'Faith, no, Mister Barker; they took the parliamint over the water; but they left the heawse behind.' 'Well; an' what's yon buildin', wi' three stone figures stonnin' o' th' top, yon?' 'Is it thim three bowld fellows, on the top o' the buildin', beyant there?' 'Ay; what's thoose three?' 'Thim three, your honour,—thim three's the Twelve Apostles!' 'Twelve Apostles! Heaw doesto manage to make twelve out o' thoose three?' 'Well, indeed Mister Barker; ye couldn't expect the whole twelve to be out at once, such a murderin' wet day as this. The other nine are gone in to dry their clothes.'

'Poo up!' cried Barker; 'Poo up! Thae's gone fur enough, at once! Lets goo in, somewheer, an' sit us down a minute or two.'"

"HEAR, HEAR."

Two old women, standing in front of the hustings, listening to the speeches, when the crowd suddenly burst into laughter at something which has been said upon the platform; and one of the old women claps her hands, and cries, "Eh, Mary; that wur a good 'un—that wur a good 'un!" "What wur it, Matty?" enquired her friend. "Nay, replied she, "I don't know what it wur; *but somebody's catch't it!*"

FREEDOM OF OPINION.

And, in a coach, if a traveller would,
O'er the window hold dominion,
And put it down, I put it up—
I'm for freedom of opinion.
COMIC SONG.

Two Lancashire workmen, sitting opposite each other, on a cold day, one of them puts the window down; the other instantly puts it up again. The first then sends his fist through the window-pane; and looking earnestly at his companion, he says, "*Nea then, owd lad: thae can have it oather road* (either way)!"

"DO BE SAID."

An old woman, on her usual round gathering rags, looks in at an open door, where she is well known, and cries out—

"Han yo ony?"

"Nawe."

"Han yo noan at o'?"

"Nawe."

"Han yo noan o' no sort?"

"Nawe, nawe; I tell yo!"

"Oh, then; yo han noan!"

CHEATING THE BEAST.

A Lancashire man was riding in a cab, outside the town, when the driver pulled up, unexpectedly, at the foot of a hill. "Hollo!" cried the traveller, putting his head out, "What arto stoppin' for? I'm noan gooin' to get out here!" "Husht!" replied the driver; "I'm chatin' th' horse! Yo're a great weight. He'll think yo'n getten out; an' then he'll run up this broo like a red-shank."

NOTES ON 'CHANGE.

A COMPARISON between the past and present aspect of commercial matters in Manchester is a subject which may well attract the attention, not only of business men, but of those also who take wide and philosophical views of men and manners. In this regard one cannot select a more interesting theme for contemplation than a comparison of our present commercial motives with those of days not very long gone by. In the old times, say before the American war, with the exception of occasional speculations, our market received its impulses from certain definite and fixed causes. These were easily to be traced, and depended on well-known conditions. If the cotton crop in America or India was reported unfavourable, we had a sympathetic movement in Liverpool, and an eighth per pound advance might be the first consequence. Again, flourishing accounts from Calcutta, China, or Bombay would give a stimulus to the demand for goods suitable for those markets. If the great buyers "went in," as they often used to do, all at once, prices for goods advanced; and, though we do not mean to argue that there was of necessity a profit commensurate with the demand, one was able at least to trace the why and the wherefore of its existence, and with the assurance that the goods were bought because they were wanted at great centres of consumption.

Have our manners and customs altered with the price of the raw material, or what is the reason that the old landmarks of our commerce have been altogether obliterated?

It requires but slight observation to convince one of the fact that there is now neither compass nor helm at work in the guidance of our commercial argosy. "Worms" feed on our intelligence; "frost" freezes our reason; "famine in the north-west provinces" stunts our understanding; and last, though not by any means least, the demon of speculation and of rapid money-making has made common cause in the war against sound commercial enterprise.

Does the Liverpool telegram report fifteen thousand bales and a strong demand?—We jeer and say, Ha, ha!

Calcutta telegrams report large sales and higher prices. On such days shirtings often fall three-halfpence a piece.

If good eight-and-a-quarters sell at ten and sixpence in Shanghai, they are eagerly bought "on the boards" at eleven shillings, and manufacturers scramble for the contracts at prices little above the cost of the yarns of which the goods are composed. It is not in the least necessary for the progress of business that even such a demand as the above should exist. If the buyer of the period chooses to rest for a while on his laurels or his losses, the ever active agent sees no fun in inanition; and, rather than have peace at any price, he prefers business at any cost. There have been market days when no vestige of an order was to be obtained through the length and breadth of the city, and still producers have told you that the "enquiry" has been good, and have gone to their homes well satisfied with large contracts, fat in loss. India may have a famine, Shanghai may lose a shilling a piece, but the agent must have something to sell, and rather than not sell at all, he will sell at a loss.

True it is that in almost every department of our trade greatly increased numbers are now engaged, and the competition must be consequently augmented; but this fact by no means accounts for the willingness to transact business in the hopeless and profitless style now in vogue.

There is, in fact, increased reason why traders should look well before they leap. Commissions, both here and abroad, having been considerably cut down, there remains but little margin to that account, and the greatly increased facilities of transport and communication must have the effect of putting an end to trade secrets and monopolies. We have heard it argued, in explanation of the vast and apparently unprofitable shipments now made, that merchants do not now care so much about securing a profit on their exports, but ship goods in the way of remittance to be invested in produce, and on which they rely as a surer source of profit. This argument, however, does not hold water, as it will be found that the importation of produce has, during the past few years, been anything but a paying game.

On the part of manufacturers it has been urged, that the enormous quantity of size now introduced reduces the cost of goods to a paying point. Against this argument comes the fact that the "filled" goods trade has now become such a thoroughly classified department of industry, that the value of shirtings is adjusted almost exactly in accordance with the quantity of cotton they contain.

How, why, and on what basis our commerce now exists, is an enigma, even for the *Sphinx*; and must be a theme of wondering reflection for all thoughtful persons engaged in the trade.

THE BILLIARD MATCH IN THE FREE TRADE HALL.

WHEN we entered the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday afternoon, we found the daylight struggling with the gaslight, and creating in their mixture a kind of sepulchral twilight. We could see square patches of sky and round patches of flame, arranged in regular patterns over the panelled ceiling, and we found ourselves wishing that the sun or the gas would go out, so that we might either delude ourselves that it was night or fully realize that it was day. We looked round the large room in the ghastly glare of light, and dreamt of what we had seen and heard within those walls, with their plaster columns and their dusty festoons, looking more plastery and cold than ever; and we looked up at those dirty circles in the ceiling, and the faded tints upon the walls, and the soiled surface of the gallery front, and while our eyes rested on these we felt uncomfortable and impatient. Then we glanced downward on the table in the centre of that large hall, with its white cover reflecting the light from the six circlets of flame, in the six green cones over them; and on the four steep slopes of scarlet with ribs of dark brown seat backs, starred with numbered cards in parallel lines, and arranged to receive the forms of some of Manchester's rich men and fair women. This to us was a new picture. On the warm scarlet floor, around the light wood table, there was a pathway of buff matting with chocolate border, and then a railing of red cord on iron standards, to separate the public from the players, and in two corners of the enclosed square there were chairs placed for the performers to rest. The arrangements were very complete throughout, and left nothing to be desired. As the time for commencing drew near, the brown lines and the white stars and the scarlet slopes became rapidly hidden by masses of more sombre colour, that came in streams through the red alleys; and when the clock struck three, and the cover was removed from the table, and the gas over it was turned on to the full, the slopes were covered with dense masses of white faces and black robes, topped by the gallery front, with its battlement of heads.

The presence of ladies gave quite a new feature to the entertainment. It was refreshing to look on those fair earnest faces in the midst of so much of the sterner stuff, and quite delightful to hear their expressions of sympathy at the "hard lines," or their exclamations of pleasure and approval at the good fortune or skilful execution of the players. There were among the ladies present many whom we have seen play on their own tables, and who were fully qualified to judge of the excellence of the performance, and to offer very fair criticism on the game as it was played. So select an assembly has never been seen at a billiard match in Manchester before.

Cook was the first to enter the arena. He was formally introduced to the company, and was very warmly greeted, considering the difficulties there are in the way of so select a company being demonstrative in their expression of delight. Roberts followed, and received his introduction and made his bow to the four slopes of animated faces. Then the cues were taken up, and the balls were strung for lead, and the veteran lost, and the play commenced. Roberts gave a miss in baulk, Cook followed with a miss out of baulk, was potted by his opponent, and then the scoring fairly began. The game was a very slow but a very close one. Cook was completely out of form, and did not show to advantage. He took as long to score 354 points, at which

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time both were even, as we have seen him take to score a thousand; and we were thoroughly glad when the marker announced that the game would end at 700. Roberts reached 682, and looked very like winning, but Cook got in again and ran out the victor.

Roberts is slightly above the average size, with a tendency to corpulence. He has a cleanly-shaved, hard-featured, but honest-looking face, with a large scattered tuft of grey hair under the chin, and a quantity of iron-grey hair on his head. He has a keen eye and plenty of nerve, if anything, too much. His confidence in himself leads him into a losing game, and he often attempts fancy shots that are not positively necessary, although when accomplished they bring down a gratifying burst of applause. He is rather a slow player, and takes a long time to consider some of the more difficult shots. The deliberate way in which he takes his eyes two or three times over the angles of an all-round cannon is almost peculiar in so great a player; but his care is generally rewarded by a brilliant stroke, or, in the event of failure, a hair-breadth miss. His style before striking is good, but his style after is singularly inelegant and clumsy. No sooner has the ball been struck than down comes his cue with a rattle on the wood-work of the table, and his left arm either twitches about in convulsive jerks, or else both hands are brought down on his thighs as we have seen an expectant fielder stand in cricket. A failure at an easy shot, or even an ordinarily difficult one, invariably brought forth an exclamation from him. We could see the words, but we could not hear them. At times, when missing a good game, his annoyance manifested itself in self-castigation, or in a dissatisfied twisting of the body, and a thumping down of the cue handle on the floor; all of which we expect in beginners, but not in great players like Roberts. From beginning to end his manner was too pantomimic, and contrasted most unfavourably with the cool, self-reliant, determined, and undemonstrative style of his young opponent. Both players were dressed in black. Roberts as usual wore his wide-awake, which acts as a shade to his eyes, and protects them from the glare of the gaslight. During the game he occasionally refreshed himself from a glass of liquid, which might have passed for water if he had not injudiciously poured it from two decanters, an imprudence that brought frowns on some faces that had looked kindly on him before. Some of his old patrons and friends were amused at him; perhaps his manner took them back to other days and nights spent with him under other roofs, when he was younger and they were not so old. In looking round at those tiers of faces we could see, among those that were tinged with grey hair, some who had remembered Roberts in the first years of his fame, and who had for twenty years wondered where another could be found to take his place, worthily, when he was gone. And now and then, when they again saw him playing in the middle of what promised to be a good break, those old faces wore young smiles, and fairly beamed with animation as we have seldom seen old faces beam before. Then when he stumbled at an easy stroke and broke down, the expressions instantly changed, and it was not difficult to see how many there were there who had for years heartily rejoiced with him in his victories, and who now as heartily sympathised with him in his defeats. But all could see that his day has passed. He plays like a man who is settling down into a second place resignedly, and not as one who is determined to regain the seat he has lost.

In previous billiard sketches we have described Cook. "He looks," we have said, "a few years older than he really is. His light whiskers and dark brown hair form that curious contrast we often see on young men who were golden-haired children. His face wears an expression of weariness. When he smiles, he seems to smile somewhat painfully, and after the smile has passed away the look of weariness returns." He is of slight build, has a good figure, and dresses well. He looks better than he did some months ago, although when tired his face is colourless, and he seems rather delicate. His manner, too, is slightly changed. He seems more at home in a crowd, receives applause more naturally, and more gracefully; and appears to be quite calm and strongly nerved from the beginning to the end. He plays more feelingly, and more tenderly than any player we ever saw. His position is graceful and firm. He holds his cue well in his hand, places it on the bridge quite still, and then, with a curious up-and-down movement, draws it back once, and strikes as softly and easily as if he *really* played with the balls, and not ill-used them as so many do. He is seen to greatest advantage in an up-hill game. He then plays brilliantly and very earnestly. Spurring is almost necessary to him. With an opponent whom he is sure of beating he becomes indifferent, and it is only when he is being distanced that he rouses himself into that splendid action which has taken him so far in front of all others. We have seen him score with a rapidity that is perfectly astonishing. His knowledge of side and strength, and the accuracy of his sighting angles, quickly, is something extraordinary. In playing for position he has no equal. Although he did not show to advantage in the afternoon match, yet in the second he played a good game, and beat the ex-champion by 373 points in a game of 700 up.

The scene in the evening was different from that in the afternoon. No ladies were present, but there were greater numbers of gentlemen, and ease and enjoyment became the order of the night. Cigars sent out their aroma, and never have we known the Hall so fragrant. There was more noise, more applause, better play from Cook, and worse from Roberts, whose slow, lazy way of playing became at times almost unbearable.

On the whole, the match in the afternoon was a disappointing one, and could give only an imperfect idea, to those who have never seen Cook play before, how splendidly he sometimes uses the cue. His game in the evening was an average one; but Roberts was out of form altogether, and, beyond making a few rather fancy strokes, he did nothing worthy of himself.

Of the games played by Cook and Roberts since their great match in St. James's Hall the champion has won seven, and the ex-champion one. These exhibition matches, however, do not in any way interfere with the title or trophies held by Cook. To take them from him certain conditions have to be met, articles signed, two months' notice given, and money-deposits made. It is generally believed that Roberts senior will not enter the lists to contest the championship again, but his son will meet Cook to do battle for the coveted honour in April.

WHAT TO EAT, AND HOW TO COOK IT.

STILL AT DINNER.

THE beef a-la-mode of the various cookery books is the stewed beef of our experience, or the "braised" beef of the romance-writers who do the bills of fare for the dining rooms. We don't think the name any improvement. Of course, braising in reality is another thing from stewing, and may be requisite for the lean and comparatively juiceless meat of the continent, but it is an unnecessary and wasteful process to use with our beef, and is not, as a matter of fact, followed here. So, when we see the word, we mentally ejaculate, pooh, pooh! stewed. You can, if so minded, treat ribs or sirloin this way, but to do so is like painting the lily.

The aitch-bone is about the best piece to stew, and there are many pieces which it is almost impossible to make anything of in any other way. It is also, by common consent of cooks and chemists, the most economical, beyond question, of any way of cooking meat. Here science and taste meet on equal grounds, for all the goodness of the meat is preserved, and the meat is cooked in its own juices—the most perfect, and, therefore, the best form of cookery. We do not see that we can give any particular directions about stewing. It is not boiling, therefore there should not be much water or other liquid, and the meat should not be fat—not very fat, that is—and it should be very gently stewed, with very moderate heat, about twice the length of time that it would require in roasting. The vessel should be kept very closely covered, and seldom or never opened. The liquid fat should be carefully taken off, and the gravy strained and thickened. Turnips and carrots in large pieces, and whole onions, ready cooked, should be added, or the latter may be served separately, soused in some of the gravy, like stewed celery, of which we have before spoken.

Just at the present time veal is in the ascendant. It is particularly nice in the exceptionally cold weather of this spring, as it is requisite, more than with other meat, to have it perfectly fresh and sweet, and, while it is so, it is very good eating from the head to the feet, both inclusive. The head being an excellent dish, people have from time to time tried their hands at improving it, or trying to do so; but, to our mind, no better mode of dealing with it has been discovered than the common plan of boiling it, making separate accessories of the tongue

and brains, and giving a piece of boiled bacon or pig's cheek to keep it in countenance. Not the Bath chap of commerce, often only a piece of creosoted gristle and bone, but sweet bacon and sound, "whether it be new or old." And do for goodness' sake let's have plenty of parsley and butter this time, as an old friend of ours used to say. And what they could not eat that night the Queen next morning may have hashed, and it will be fit for her Majesty to dine off, for calf's head, like jugged hare and many another dish, is often better the second day than the first. An Irish friend, dining with us on hashed calf's head, appearing to take to it kindly, we asked him how he liked it. "Is there a heaven upon earth?" was his emphatic reply. "I never knew it before." Whence arises the strange impossibility of getting from an Irishman a direct answer to a question. Even Spenser, in his time, complained of them meeting one question by asking another; but, as Mr. Micawber would say, this is a digression.

Descending to the neck you have materials for cutlets and veal pie, about which it has ever been a puzzle to us whether it is better hot or cold. A veal pie requires very little beyond its foundation of veal, and a little, or perhaps just more than a little, ham or bacon, for it is nothing without one or other, and a little seasoning, but no onion and no cloves. If, as seems somehow a necessity, there must be mace, let there be about a quarter of the quantity that would lie on a threepenny bit; but we feel more inclined to say what Oliver Cromwell said of the mace—"take away that bauble!" We are speaking of course of a dish veal pie. With the veal pie of the confectioner's shop we have long lost all patience. It is as a rule about the most tasteless thing out. We cannot much approve either, of the so-called Melton Mowbray veal and ham pie. It not being possible to count on an immediate sale for it, it is usually highly seasoned in order to keep it, and is much too salt. Again, from the neck you have the best material for cutlets. They should be cut thin, and some of the bone and all the gristle cut away. Brush them lightly with whisk'd egg, and dip them into bread crumbs, in which you have mixed a very small quantity of savoury herbs. Serve them with a slice of unsmoked bacon or ham to each, with some thickened gravy, and use salt, cayenne, and a bit of sliced lemon. They make a very nice light dish, and, if you will eat sparingly, make an excellent supper.

The chief dish, however, is the loin. It should be roasted before the fire, and care should be taken that the kidney be not burnt. Stuffing adds little to the flavour of it, and it is very good without. We always use large veal, with plenty of fat covering the kidney, for lean small-sized veal is not only wanting in flavour, but is indigestible, and therefore to be avoided. If the whole of the loin is too much for you at once, cut it in two about half way up; the chump end will do very well, with a cutlet or two, for a pie, or you can cut from it any number of cutlets about the size and thickness of a crown-piece or "cartwheel," or you can stew it like the breast. Some butchers will cut the kidney half of it for you at a halfpenny a pound more, and we consider it worth the difference, for there is a large osseous conformation at the other end. You will, of course, have your bacon or ham in attendance, if only in the form of fried slices, to garnish the dish, and you must by all means contrive to have greens or cauliflower with it. The gravy should be, as in all roast dishes of veal, thickened and browned. The shoulder, boned and stuffed, and the fillet ditto, and accompanied as above, make tolerable substitutes for the loin. We do not so much affect the fillet as we have known some people do, particularly the cockneys, who are for weal'n 'em for ever. Veal stuffing is much improved by a very little finely chopped onion being mixed with it.

Would it be deemed ridiculous, not to say vulgar, just to hint at liver and bacon? It is really a very good, tasty, and economical dish. You should have rather lean bacon, off the "hand," or shoulder, and the liver should be of the calf. It is the only liver worth using, or, as we judge, safe to use. Sheep's liver often contains minute "flounders," just the shape of the sea-fish of that ilk, having an affection for fastening and feeding upon any fleshy substance. Then there is the heart—

> Maid of all work! as a part
> Of my dinner, cook a heart—

as Dr. Kitchener sang "after" Byron. We don't go as far as a beast-heart, with its instantly congealing fat. We must draw the line somewhere, as the barber said to the sweep, and we draw it at (outside) the calf's heart. Sheep's heart is often stuffed porkwise, with sage and onions, but ordinary stuffing, with a little admixture of onion, is better for the present purpose. It makes a very nice dish at supper, and only costs about sixpence, so that if not elegant it is not expensive, and will afford two people what our friend Joakley would call a "hearty meal."

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

MR. Charles Dillon appears next week in his striking and, in many respects, fine impersonation of Belphegor, a character which he may almost be said to have made his own. Mr. Frederick Younge's company will commence an engagement on Easter Monday, of course in one of Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedies. Since their very successful six weeks' season here in May and June last year, they have been playing Robertson without intermission in all parts of England, and we should think that, by this time, *School* is the most widely and best known of all modern dramas. It is to be presented in London to-night for the 365th time. The Dundreary farce excepted, is there on record a "run" to equal this? Manchester will be glad to be charmed with *School* again, and *Caste* cannot come amiss; but, as the company's *repertoire* also comprises *Ours* and *Play*, it is to be hoped the representations during this engagement may not be exclusively confined to the old favourites of last year.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE COMPANY AND THE DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.

The worst of charitable movements is that they give rise to the display of so much uncharity. A meddling correspondent of the *Examiner and Times* has been suffered almost to insinuate that a spirit of rivalry and jealousy has prevented the company of the Prince's Theatre from participating in the Dramatic Festival at the Theatre Royal. It is not right that they should have been called upon to explain that the real reason of their absence is that their presence has not been invited. Because one man thinks proper to do a generous deed, that is good reason why he should be applauded for doing it, but it is no reason why another man should be reproved for not doing a similar one. That certain districts did not choose to contribute to the simultaneous collections was no justification for Mr. Richard Haworth gibbetting them in the papers. Similarly, that Mr. Knowles resolves to give his theatre to the hospitals for ten days is no excuse for impugning the directors of the Prince's for not doing the same; and the gift by the Theatre Royal company of their services imposes no duty on the Prince's company to give theirs. As a matter of fact, the one company declares itself as willing as the other, but all the same the declaration should not have been asked for. Possibly, the *Examiner* correspondent will next year demonstrate Mr. Knowles to be a mean individual, because he doesn't give another festival next year.

ATHENÆUM MUSICAL SOCIETY.

If the diversion of the Athenæum Gymnasium from its natural purpose be attended with unpleasing effects on the tempers of the gymnasts, last week must have been an unfortunate time for them. Besides the dramatic performance, a concert was given by the Musical Society. The programme was not altogether up to the mark. The single tenor solo was Blockley's version of "Excelsior," and not a few of the other pieces were hackneyed. Amongst the best received songs was one sung by Miss Taylor, a young lady we have not before heard at these concerts. Miss Taylor's total blindness was not by any means her only claim to the sympathy of the audience. A pleasant variety was given to the concert by the introduction of two pianoforte solos. Mr. Thorley showed great powers of expression and manipulation. It was well that he played entirely from memory, otherwise the effect of the first solo, Schubert's "Clavier Stucke," might have been somewhat interfered with by the eccentric behaviour of the gas. At a critical point of the performance the light suddenly diminished, and left the room in a state of "gloaming." When this had continued for a while, as suddenly the jets started into vigorous brightness, fizzing and crackling in a way highly calculated to divert the attention. Then the room was filled with a suffocating odour, as of that produced after the explosion of gunpowder mixed with the perfume of boiling gas-tar. These un-

orthodox proceedings naturally excited considerable attention among the directors, for whom the two front rows of seats were somewhat ostentatiously reserved. At the close of the season (the second, is it not?), Dr. Hiles, the conductor, may fairly be congratulated upon the position attained by the Athenæum Musical Society among the musical institutions of the city.

THE ATHENÆUM AMATEUR ACTORS.

The *esprit de corps* must be very potent at the Athenæum. Concerts, "assaults," and dramatic entertainments are all well and heartily patronized. The amateur plays are done in dramatic style—a bijou stage with a miniature *mise-en-scéne* being erected on the platform of many uses, in the gymnasium up stairs. To the drop scene, painted we believe by Messrs. Holden and Warden, distance lends a fair amount of glamour. The audience, on the occasion of the last performance of the season, was bright, hearty, and enthusiastic; a regular flower-show of pretty young (and mature) ladies' faces bloomed through the hall. The performances were *One Hundred Thousand Pounds*, a play of H. J. Byron's, once represented at the Prince's by Miss Marie Wilton's Company, a long time ago, supplemented by the farce of *The Spectral Bridegroom*. Mr. John Cavanah is a capital stage manager. He also represented a dashing young aristocratic swell, in low and high water, in mirth and sorrow, with the subdued pathos of real melodrama. It must be confessed, however, that physically he is scarcely our ideal of a stage lover. Much of the fun was contributed by Fluker (Mr. R. Winstanley), a perky and restless lawyer, and by Joe Barlow (Mr. Charles Scholes), a hearty-voiced and honest tallow-chandler of the "Borough," while the character of Pennythorne (Mr. Harry Lynill), seemed the result of much memory and study, and won the only recall. Dickory's get-up and action in the farce were screamingly farcical, but in the voice there was little of the comical, while of grotesque and Protean play of features there was nothing whatever. Miss Annie Radcliffe was graceful, quiet, and very touching, and Miss Barsby, as a downright matron "of the Borough," telling, both to her husband and audience. The scene was graced by the *debut* of a young lady amateur. Altogether a very decided success resulted. To old theatre-goers, however, the pleasure was mainly to be debited to the reminiscences of popular actors—we won't name them—vividly awakened and sustained by this amateur "revival." To many others the delight had its birth in the privilege of seeing a drama at all, especially gratis, debarred as they are by "the religious difficulty" from enjoying an evening at a real theatre.

THE PROPOSED NEW EXCHANGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Having seen, under the head of Town Talk, in your paper of February 19th, a statement which is not quite correct, I should be glad if you will give me an opportunity of correcting the error. It is there stated that land has been purchased in Portland Street for a new Exchange, the plot being bounded by Portland Street, Chorlton Street, Sackville Street, and Silver Street. This is not the case. The plot in question is joint property; and, although a company has been in treaty for the land, their indecision leaves the owners at liberty to negociate a sale with other parties, which the article in your clever paper is calculated to prevent, if parties believe it to be already sold. Trusting you will find space for this note in your next copy of the *Sphinx*, I remain, Sir, very faithfully yours, ONE OF THE PARTIES INTERESTED.

[It is almost unnecessary for us to say that we regret the publication of a statement which, we are informed, has given rise to considerable misunderstanding and inconvenience.]

AN UNQUALIFIED SCAMP.—A quack doctor.

THE SAFEST PITCH TO MEDDLE WITH.—The pitch of refinement.

Charles Lamb used to say that he could read any kind of book except those books which no gentleman's library ought to be without.

Sheridan, complaining to his son Tom about his getting into debt, asked him if he did not allow him £800 a year. "Yes, sir," replied Tom, "it's true you allow me that sum, but it's never paid."

[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

AMONG the Curiosities of Literature, a profession beset with so many thorns and so much trouble (stones and stumbling blocks to the weaklings and trials to the strong), there should be preserved a late curt answer from Mr. Carlyle to an enquiring spirit. "Sir," wrote the enquirer, "people say you are a Pantheist; is it true?" "Sir," answered the philosopher, "I am neither a Pantheist nor a Pot-theist.—Yours, T. Carlyle."

It is impossible to write of Emerson without recalling Carlyle; it is difficult to think critically of his writings without remembering that to him also the grave charge of Pantheism has been laid, and if one were a special pleader it would not be difficult to establish that charge. Indeed, both to Carlyle and Emerson, but to the latter especially, the charge preferred against Socrates might well be laid. They do "corrupt and lead aside the youth of this city." But Emerson does it in a much wider and efficient way than Carlyle, because he is a much less man, much less of a Christian, much less in heart, in feeling, and in deep earnestness. We pray anyone who reads this to believe that not one word is written that is not written in true love and honesty, and without cant. Emerson never pretends to be a Christian in the accepted sense, while his faith in the precepts of the *Man* Jesus are about as strong as is his belief in Zoroaster or Confucius (Koonfootze). The most ardent admirer of Emerson will find that we appreciate him as much as he does. But we love not that mind which is destructive and critical rather than consoling and edifying. To edify, Mrs. Brownjohn, is *to build up*. As regards Faith, Emerson has done his best to fill all young men with a vast unutterable longing, an admiration for the great, a windy, wide, and dispersed ambition, a love of Nature and a curious pantheistic reverence for something—what it is it is not known. He is an admirable purveyor for the Papacy and creeds that restrain, for these unutterable longings never get realized, these wide and windy thoughts die out like sudden gusts, these negative faiths leave the heart empty and comfortless, and then the reader becomes the *Habitans in Sicco*, and, after wandering about for some time, betakes him to a "concrete creed," a firm footing, and the seven devils of superstition, so that his last state is worse than his first.

The biography of Emerson will just show us what the man is and how he is. He is an American of the old school, an honour to his country, one of the greatest men of his age. Wide and windy as he is in faith, he appears firm set to the wandering stars of America; he has plenty of culture, wide reading, scholarship, research, cleverness. He has little tenderness, no pathos, and yet much poetry of a sort—and that a subtle and good sort. Here *in petto* is what he is and what he has done.

He is a sharp, thin, thoughtful man, *aigre*, clever-looking, with high but not very ample forehead. He is nearing his seventieth year, having been born in 1803; is an ultra Unitarian—if so much (or so little) in Christian creed. He graduated at Harvard in 1821; was ordained minister of the Second Unitarian Church at Boston, a high seat of wide views of Faith, and having after some time embraced peculiar, and we presume even wider notions, abandoned his pulpit and settled in the peacefully named village of Concord, to betake himself to the study of man and of Nature.

Being an American he soon began to "orate"; had he been a Britisher he would have lectured. In 1837 he delivered an oration called *Man Thinking*, before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society of Boston, and in 1838 published *Literary Ethics: an Oration*. Mr. Emerson took the world

by surprise. His talk embraced innumerable subjects; was ambitious, daring, grandiose. It was especially suited to young men and a young country. He said that he did not pretend to argue, he announced; he did not teach, he exhibited. Similarly, he did not lecture to persuade, he "orated." Bear this in mind, and you have the key to the Emersonian popularity. In 1839 Mr. Emerson published *Nature: an Essay;* in 1840 he commenced the *Dial*, a magazine of Literature, History, and Philosophy, in which all three were very wild, and utterly unlike anything that would be published in Germany, France, or England. The conditions of literature are so different in new America to what they are in old Europe. Here our writers in some degree subordinate themselves to public opinion; there they subordinate a raw and untaught public opinion to themselves. They are, therefore, the more free and daring, while European thought is the more solid, compressed, and enduring.

Emerson now began pouring out his bottles of mental champagne very quickly. In 1841 he gave us *The Method of Nature; Man the Reformer;* three lectures, and the first series of his Essays. In 1844 the second series; *New England Reformers; The Young American*; and a lecture on the West Indian Emancipation. In 1845-9 he delivered lectures on Swedenborg, Napoleon, and others, afterwards published as *Representative Men*. In 1852, working with Mr. Ellery Channing, he published the *Memoirs of the Countess D'Ossoli* (Margaret Fuller). After a visit to England he published, in 1856, a work called *English Traits;* in 1860 another, a very little but very sweet book, called *The Conduct of Life;* and in 1870, a week or two ago, *Society and Solitude*, his last, and by far the slightest and worst work he has written.

Now, in all these books there is a certain amount of honest work and thought, if there be also a good deal of gilt gingerbread and flash jewelry. Let us speak of the faults first. Let us take two or three sentences hap-hazard from his last book, which, weak as it is, is very entrancing for a boy or a young man to read. "'Tis sweet to talk of kings" say the old satirists, and when Emerson familiarly gossips of "Paul, Plato, the Zendavesta, Vishnu, Brahma, Socrates, Jesus, and such teachers of men," we half believe that we know something of such good company. But just sit down after reading an essay by Emerson, and ask, What have I got out of it? That is the test. Hear him, for instance, on Art:—

> Herein is the explanation of the analogies which exist in all the Arts. They are the reappearance of one mind working in many materials to temporary ends. Raphael paints wisdom; Handel sings it; Phidias carves it; Shakespere writes it; Wren builds it; Columbus sails it; Luther preaches it; Washington arms it; Watt mechanizes it. Painting was called "silent poetry," and poetry "speaking painting." The laws of each Art are convertible into the laws of every other.

Now, in addition to this last truism being a lame expansion of Horace—*De Arte Poetica*—

> Pictoribus atque poetis
> Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,

we find in the first the simple Pantheism of the last few verses in the Laureate's last volume, and, indeed, he has compressed the whole into those curious rhymes, "Flower in the crannied wall," wherein he is so bold as to say "plucking it out of the crannies" that, if he only knew how the flower "growed," as Topsy has it, he (Mr. Tennyson) "would know what God is and man is." In the very much "lower Pantheism," as our sages would call it, of Pope, God not only "paints and mechanizes, arms, sails, and preaches," acting through all things, as indeed he does, but He is in all things worshipped; he is "Jehovah, Jove, our Lord," all in one. Perhaps one of the missions of the Saviour was to beat down that folly, into which those who reject him are sure to fall. Beyond these two matters, and a glib enumeration of names, there is nothing. Here, again, is a peculiarly Emersonian sentence upon the "Bibles of the World," one Bible, by the way, to him, as good as another:—

> I mean the Bibles of the world, or the sacred books of each nation, which express for each *the supreme result of their experience*. After the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, which constitute the sacred books of Christendom, there are the Desatir of the Persians and the Zoroastrian Oracles; the Vedas and Laws of Menu; the Upanishads; the Vishnu Purana; the Bhagvat Geeta of the Hindoos; the books of the Buddhists; the Chinese Classics, and others of four books, containing the wisdom of Confucius and Mencius. Also such other books as have acquired a semi-canonical authority in the world. Such are the Hermes Trismegistus, pretending to be the Egyptian remains; the Sentences of Epictetus; of Marcus Antoninus; the Vishnu Sarma of the Hindoos; the Gulistan of Saadi; the Imitation of Christ of Thomas à Kempis; and the Thoughts of Pascal.

This braggadocio sentence cannot fail to remind the reader of the merry old gentleman who takes in the vicar of Wakefield with his flood of learning, comprised in one sentence, which he is always repeating. "The cosmogony or Creation of the World has puzzled philosophers of all ages. What a medley of opinions have they not broached upon the Creation of the World! Sanconiathon, Manetho, Berosus, and Ocellus Lucanus have all attempted it." We are almost, indeed, inclined to interrupt Mr. Emerson, and ask him: Is not your name Ephraim Jenkinson? with the simple Dr. Primrose when awakened from his dream. We are not learned enough to pronounce on the Chinese Classics, or on the Desatir of the Persians, but we know enough of the Bhagvat Geeta, the Talmud, and the philosophy of Confucius (by far the best), to assure the reader that these sacred books are wild and nonsensical fairy tales, dogmatic nonsense, mere Eastern drivel, and clotted follies, entangled with wild fancies and prurient stories which no sane man dare compare with our own sacred New Testament. Look again at the wordy sentence. The *Imitatione Christi* and the *Pensées* of Pascal are put last. Why, there are more sound high thoughts, sublime resolves, and God-taught endeavour, in one section of either of these books than in all the far-Eastern nonsense ever raked together. Epictetus or Marcus Antoninus would beat the lot!

But put him on his own ground, not upsetting his mind with windy ideas from big books with which he is not fully acquainted, and Emerson is a first-class writer. No man would do better as an Editor of a Quarterly Review, or a contributor thereto. His two most valuable books are *English Traits*, a most generous, thoughtful, and valuable estimate of the English people and nation, beyond all praise for its honest truth, its acute perception, its interesting and thorough style, its fearless speaking—fearless in blame and in praise; and *The Conduct of Life*. In the last we meet Mr. Emerson as a poet, wild, novel, suggestive; but he has written other poems besides these heads of chapters. As rhyme and melody are to be distinguished from poetry properly so called, so Emerson, it must be remembered, writes poetry with melody or rhyme. His lines are not exactly verse, and yet they are poetry. Generally this poetry is in short verse—as uneasy as a macadamized road new-done, and much resembling a translation from the Anglo-Saxon, or a passage from Tusser's *Hundred Points of Husbandry*. Here, however, is a sonnet—

THE RHODORA.

> In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
> I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
> Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
> To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
> The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
> Made the black water with their beauty gay;
> Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
> And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that, if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The self same power that brought me there, brought you.

In this you find a parallel thought to that of Tennyson's ridiculous "Flower in the Crannied Wall"—but how much truer, greater, and better!

We conclude with an acute passage from *English Traits*:—

England is the best of actual nations. It is no ideal framework, it is an old pile built in different ages, with repairs, additions, and makeshifts; but you see the poor best you have got. London is the epitome of our times, and the Rome of to-day. Broad-fronted, broad-bottomed Teutons, they stand in solid phalanx foursquare to the points of compass: they constitute the modern world, they have earned their vantage-ground, and held it through ages of adverse possession. They are well marked and differing from other leading races. England is tender-hearted. Rome was not. England is not so public in its bias; private life is its place of honour. Truth in private life, untruth in public, marks these home-loving men. Their political conduct is not decided by general views, but by internal intrigues and personal and family interest. They cannot readily see beyond England. The History of Rome and Greece, when written by their scholars, degenerates into English party pamphlets. They cannot see beyond England, nor in England can they transcend the interests of the governing classes.

Emerson is not the best of actual Essayists; neither the most tender, nor the most true, the most powerful, nor the wisest. But he looks the wisest and most knowing of all; he is and will be always a great favourite with the young; he don't speak to your heart, but he does to your head. The effect of reading his works until you are *quite* behind the scenes and know something, is that which a college lecturer has upon a freshman; new notions, ideas, new learning (or what *seems* new) puzzle and confound:—

While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amaz'd the gazing freshmen ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But Emerson, after all, of himself says little; and what he does say stimulates, but it does not nourish.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS ON 'CHANGE.

Nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice.
OTHELLO.

MUCH variety of character among the lower animals may be seen in a zoological collection. Notwithstanding the loss of instinct caused by living in a state of captivity, the characteristics of the different breeds are strongly marked. In the race of man, who "is the paragon of animals," the difference between individuals, if not so strongly marked, is nevertheless sufficiently wide to exhibit strong contrasts. Thus, in the fortuitous concourse of atoms which goes to make up the six thousand and odd subscribers to the Royal Exchange, types of character are to be noticed differing nearly as widely as the contents of a menagerie, and what is remarkable, they frequently resemble, both morally and physically, those creatures, which "in the beginning," were placed under the dominion of man. Have we not human specimens of the wolf with his restless hungry eyes, the cunning fox, the sharp eyed lynx, the treacherous tiger, the dignified lion, the tough old badger, the grinning hyæna, the eagle, the vulture, the owl, the magpie, the raven, the fretful porcupine, the mule, the ox, and the ass? Specimens of these varieties may be seen at any time, and they, like their prototypes spend much of their time in preying upon each other. Of late years, the Royal Exchange collection has been greatly extended. Besides the original specimens indigenous to these islands—English, Irish and Scotch—the continent of Europe has sent quantities from Germany, Italy, Denmark, France, and of Greeks not a few. In fact the Apostolic description of the multitude which assembled at a miraculous incident in the early history of the Christian Church, is not inapplicable: Parthians, and Medes, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia and in India, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, in the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes. With such a heterogeneous collection as this, it is not difficult to find opportunities for that study which the poet described as the noblest of mankind.

Whether it is to be attributed to what is called the law of natural selection, or because man is an imitative animal, or for some other cause, we cannot say, but nature appears at intervals to produce beings, who, without having any consanguineous relationship, acquire precisely the same habits and traits of manner in business, which appear to be handed down from one generation to another. Thus, there are to be seen certain persons who stand precisely in the same attitudes, shake hands exactly in the same way, ask or answer questions, and altogether conduct themselves after the fashion of their predecessors fifty years since. Some subscribers make straight for a particular pillar, and never budge from it one yard during the whole time they remain in the place. Others, but these are few, have a habit of walking in couples, at a brisk pace, from one end of the room to the other, as if they were pacing the quarter deck of a steamboat. This singular pedestrian habit is accompanied by a seemingly earnest conversation, with their hands in such close proximity to each other that you would think they were about to salute one another in the manner not common with Englishmen. Some subscribers are remarkable for a sort of attraction of cohesion, and like globules of quicksilver have a tendency to run together, forming compact groups in the centre, while others, again, are imbued with a repellent force, and like nebulous matter, break off into space, forming themselves into isolated spheres, in the trading firmament. Most members upon entering the room in the morning hasten to the telegraphic despatches posted upon the pillars, and make futile attempts to master the voluminous intelligence provided by the new regime. To read a number of leading articles consecutively in the London papers is dismal enough, but to have them all hashed up for one's edification on the telegraph tissues, is beyond a joke. The reading of these sheets is also considerably interfered with by sundry individuals, who systematically thrust their heads between the telegrams and every one else who may be reading them. This obstructive custom is also practised by the same incorrigible offenders at the reading desks of the various papers, where considerable dexterity is required to enable one to obtain a view of any particular paragraph or column.

Another singular habit of some subscribers is, that they appear to be glued by some potent cement to the windows. The nose-flatteners have already been described in these pages. Chiefly are they composed of fops and fogies, some of whom attend at the windows to see and others to be seen. It is difficult to ascertain what are the precise objects of such steadfast attention. Sir Humphrey de Trafford's and Mr. Mendel's carriages appear to be very attractive. Likewise the girls of the period, the Grecian bend, huge chignons, and other monstrosities. Bibulously disposed persons passing to and from the Fuddlers' Arms, and others repairing to Mr. Sinclair's shop in Victoria Street and making believe to eat oysters, also come in for inspection. A cavalry regiment passing, is quite a god-send, and we have even known the van of a travelling circus, filled with a band of musicians and their brazen trumpets, prove a source of attraction. But we verily believe that numbers gaze out of window in a sort of comatose state of abstraction, mesmerized into a state of oblivion, such as the late Doctor Braid used to throw his subjects into, by making them stare at a piece of cork fastened to their foreheads. We are confirmed in this view, because we observe that to many one window serves just as well as another. There might be something attractive or interesting in gazing down the vista of Victoria Street, or in watching men, women, and children dodging among the omnibuses in their endeavours to cross the street, and seeing an occasional old woman and policeman run over; but what on earth is there to look at in a hideous brick partition wall within a few feet of your nose, in that portion of the new building now in course of erection? Possibly it may be accounted for in much the same way that old John Willett derived solace and inspiration by protracted gazing at a large copper boiler.

A vast change has occurred of late years in the various costumes worn on 'Change. A man appearing in a rough shooting coat, and a wide-awake hat, with a peacock's feather stuck in its band, would not a few

years ago have been tolerated for a moment. Swallow-tailed coats, cravats like poultices encircling the throat, and continuations strapped down until the wearer dared hardly stoop, were the order of the day. Even still more primitive garments were to be seen, but these were in the days of old "Sell and Repent," and "My mind's made up." Some of the habiliments now worn are outrageous enough, the most discordant colours being worn, rivalling the plumage of a macaw, but without the slightest notion of harmony. On the whole, however, the change of dress among men of business, has vastly improved of late years.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

OPERA is naturally the most popular form of musical entertainment. It appeals to other senses besides the ear, and it awakens feelings which music alone, without words and action, could scarcely rouse. The humblest lover of music, who is filled with despair by a quartetto for stringed instruments, may derive the keenest pleasure from the music of opera. It is a panorama of music which is explained to him as it goes on. Last year the Drury Lane and Covent Garden companies combined, and the consequence was that we had some very powerful castes. This year, no doubt to the advantage of the artistes, and perhaps also to that of the public, two companies have been formed, and they are now competing in the provinces previous to commencing the London season. Last week they were both performing at the same time in Liverpool, and the company now at the Prince's Theatre enjoyed by far the greater success. The brightest stars of the two companies, Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson, do not travel. They are the fixed stars; the others are the planets. We cannot say that we are altogether sorry that Patti and Nilsson do not come to Manchester. We do not want star-gazing; we want representations of art in its original design. We do not want to admire the wonderful execution of a soprano leggierre, or the tremendous chest notes of a baritone. We know pretty well what can be done in these branches, and we desire a performance in which these qualities are servants and not masters.

On Monday evening, Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico* was given, and it will be more interesting to dwell at length upon this splendid work, than to glance hastily at all the six performances. The music of *Il Flauto* is so unapproachable that it offers no point for criticism. But one or two interesting reminiscences suggest themselves about the subject of the opera. The libretto has been very severely and, in our opinion, very unjustly attacked. It is said to be incoherent, to be utterly deficient in human interest, to be weird and unsubstantial. Now we do not think that it ever pretended to be a coherent drama, but rather a bewitched succession of events, all as varied as possible. The men and women are not men and women, but sprites and fairies. Mozart's genius was not inflamed by the poetry of the subject as a whole, but by the manifold situations, all of them graceful, humourous, entranced. When the opera was first produced, Mozart excited the indignation of the Freemasons by the introduction of some of the rites of Freemasonry. The trials which the lovers have to undergo, the blindfolding, the crossing of swords, and so forth, are actual masonic ceremonies. It is certain, however, that it was in no mocking spirit that Mozart disclosed these symbols, but rather that he was impressed with greater earnestness, and inspired with greater beauty, by the priests, the temples, the mysteries. The opera is the oddest confusion of fairy tale and romance, comic tragedy or tragic comedy, all garlanded together by the divinest music, forbidding us to laugh at the situations, however absurd. Every now and then we forget that the characters are not human beings, and we begin to feel interested in their fate, when the introduction of sorcery—such as the conjuring up of wines and edibles—sends us back into dreamland, and we feel half disappointed and half pleased. The day after, we may laugh at the triviality of the tale, but if by accident we hear one of the airs played, the sense of the absurd vanishes, and we inevitably revive the dream of the evening. The principal characters in *Il Flauto* were very well rendered, but the choruses and orchestra were as usual thin and imperfectly taught. This poverty in regard to orchestra and chorus serves to show our inferiority by the side of continental nations. In Germany the love of music is so universal, that orchestras become naturally organised, and opera troupes can travel from town to town and find efficient subalterns wherever they go. The music written for the Queen of the Night (Mdlle. Ilma de Murska) is the highest soprano music extant. Mdlle. de Murska's voice is faultlessly true, like a perfectly tuned instrument, but it is not sympathetic. In the celebrated cadence her voice sounded like a flute. Madame Sinico and Mr. Santley gave great pleasure, but Signor Gardoni should have been heard twenty years ago.

The selection of the six operas performed this week is in admirable taste. To-night (Friday) *Don Giovanni* will be given, and to-morrow the dainty *Marta*, composed by Flotow, the Tennyson of music—a work upon which a fine musical genius exhausted itself.

"TELL ME, LYDIA."

LYDIA, of the ample tresses
And the very scanty dresses,
Lydia, of the agile figure
And the fisticuffing vigour,
Lydia, born the stalls to charm
But the critic to alarm—
Gentle Lydia, tell me why
You did go and black his eye.
Lithesome Lydia, blithesome Lydia,
Tell me, Lydia, tell me why
You did go and black his eye.

Did he scatter rude aspersions
On your duties and diversions?
Did he steal your maiden fame?
Was it an almighty shame?
Well, we know, he roundly chid:
Granted, Lydia, that he did—
Gentle Lydia, tell me, do,
Was it false or was it true?
Ireful Lydia, direful Lydia,
Tell me, Lydia, tell me, do,
Was it false or was it true?

Gentle Lydia, was it true,
What the critic said of you?
Are you no, as hinted he,
Better than you ought to be?
And if, Lydia, that was true
Which the critic said of you—
Gentle Lydia, tell me why
You uphold your nose so high.
Haughty Lydia, naughty Lydia,
Tell me, Lydia, tell me why
You uphold that nose so high.

Were his words on breakdowns false
As Lord Byron's on the waltz?
Did he pen a libel vile
On a maiden free from guile?
Then, if that was all untrue
Which the critic said of you—
Tell me, Lydia, why, young lady,
You came out so very shady
In the court to which recourse is
Had by wives to get divorces,
Only just last week, my lady?

Tell me, Lydia, tell me why—
Gentle Lydia, don't be shy!
Was your anger all a sham?
Was your indignation flam?
Or was your offence, in sooth,
Taken at the libel's truth?—
Gentle Lydia, modest madam,
Costumed in the garb of Adam,
Blushing Lydia, flushing Lydia,
Tell me, Lydia, tell me why
You did black that critic's eye.

Lydia, much I want to know
Why to wollop scribes you go.
Tell me, Lydia, tell me why,
But in mercy spare my eye!
All these things I wish to hear,
But not under fleshly fear—
Gentle Lydia, tell me these,
But, oh, keep your distance please.
Strong-armed Lydia, long-armed Lydia,
Tell me, Lydia, tell me, pray—
But please keep those arms away.

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THE STATE OF TRADE.

UNDER the title of "Notes on 'Change" the *Sphinx* will, in future, contain every week an article on the state, prospects, and tendency of trade in Manchester. The writer has access to the very best sources of information, and the article, while popular in form and readable in style, will be a trustworthy and valuable review of the state of business, and of all the incidents and circumstances which affect or are likely to affect it.

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LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.

The following articles, under this title, have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

1.—John Byrom.
2.—The Great Duke of Bridgewater, with a notice of Brindley, the Engineer.
3.—A Chapter in the Romance of Science (Jeremiah Horrocks).
4.—Humphrey Chetham.
5.—The Inventor of the Spinning Mule (Samuel Crompton).
6.—Barton Booth, the Actor.
7.—John Collier (Tim Bobbin).

THACKERAY.

THE current number of *Cassell's Magazine* contains some personal recollections of Thackeray by Mr. Bedingfield, a relative. They are slight but not without interest, and the two letters in the following extract are well worthy of quotation:—

When I was writing works of fiction in my juvenile days, my kinsman Thackeray invited me on one occasion to dine with him at the Rose Cottage, Richmond, and we were talking on the subject of style. Like most very young fellows, I admired a more ornate and a less simple and Saxon phraseology than I do now. "The more simple and the more natural a style, the better," my entertainer observed; to which I objected that in the highest works of art, the most ideal and poetical works, "this simple style—such as Goldsmith's, for instance—was not appropriate."

"Dickens persuaded me to admire Tennyson," said Thackeray; "but I don't care for idealism. Beware of it! *Englishmen like roast beef.*"

Although much overworked, he was ever ready to help a friend, and his experience and advice were always at my disposal:—

88, St James's Street.
Sunday, June 1.

MY DEAR BEDINGFIELD,—I was very sorry not to see you the other day when you called, but I wasn't in a fit state to receive anybody, labouring under a violent attack of bilious sickness, for which the only fit company was a basin. Luckily, my illnesses don't last long nor come very often.

I have read both your stories, and here you see they come back—that is cold encouragement to a man with a great deal of merit and imagination. I think they contain a great deal of good stuff, but I'm sure they are *not saleable*—that is the point. They are done in an old-fashioned manner, I think, and you could no more sell them than a tailor could a coat of 1830, or a milliner a bonnet which might have been quite the rage in the last reign.

It's not the merits of the thing I fall foul of—though I should like to quarrel with a little *fine writing* here and there—but only the question of trade. It is not because a story is bad or an author a fool that either should not be popular nowadays, as you and I know, who see many donkeys crowned with laurels, while certain clever fellows of our acquaintance fight vainly for a maintenance or a reputation. I can suit the magazines (but I can't hit the public, be hanged to them), and, from my knowledge of the former, I should say you will *never* get a good sale for commodities like these. Quiet, sentimental novelets won't do nowadays, I'm sure. Think of the high-seasoned dishes the British public has been feeding on for the last 30 years, and you'll agree with me that they won't go back to such simple fare as you give them in "The Blind Lover." All I can say, my dear fellow, is Try again. In reality, your system may be the right one and mine the wrong, but I'm sure I'm right as to *the state of the market.*—Ever yours W. M. T.

R. C, 21 *Decr.*, 1843.

MY DEAR BEDINGFIELD,—I am sincerely sorry to hear of the accident which has befallen Dr. Turner, and fear with you that, at his time of life, the consequences may be very doubtful. Your mother, please God, will be able to bear up under this misfortune; and I trust, however it may affect her domestic happiness, it will not at all injure her worldly prospects.

I am only this moment come out after a five days' bout of illness at my lodgings. I sent on Tuesday week last a very pressing note to Jerdan regarding the *Miser's Son*, with a little notice which I myself had written so as to save him trouble.

It was, I need not tell you, a favourable one as the story deserved; it has a great deal of talent of a great number of kinds, and many a man has made a fortune with a tithe of the merit.

But in spite of this, Jerdan has not inserted my article. Have you ever advertised in his paper or elsewhere? A laudatory paragraph here and there will do you no earthly good, unless the name of your book is perpetually before the public. The best book I ever wrote I published with an unknown publisher, and we got off two hundred and fifty copies of it, and this was after the success of the Paris book, with some thirty pounds of advertisements, and hugely laudatory notices in a score of journals. Shakespere himself would not get a hearing in Gray's Inn Lane.

Unless your publisher actually offers you money for a future work, I beg you to have nothing to do with him. Write short tales. Make a dash at all the magazines; and at one or two of them I can promise you, as I have said, not an acceptance of your articles, but a favourable hearing. It is, however, a bad trade at the best. The prizes in it are fewer and worse than in any other professional lottery; but I know it's useless damping a man who will be an author whether or no—men are doomed, as it were, to the calling.

Make up your mind to this, my dear fellow, that the *Miser's Son* will never succeed—not from want of merit, but from want of a publisher. Shut it up without delay, and turn to some work that will pay you. Eschew poetry above all (you've had too much of it), and read all the history you can. Don't mind this patriarchal tone from me. I'm old in the trade now, and have lived so much with all sorts of people in the world that I plume myself on my experience. Give my best love to your mother and aunt. I will call to-morrow to ask after their health, and that of your poor patient, and am always truly yours,

W. M. THACKERAY.

I shall give you a notice in *Fraser* in the February number; but I tell you it's no use.

The title of the new comedy by Mr. Robertson, now in rehearsal at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, is *M.P.*

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THE BAYARD BOOKS.—A new volume, Lord Chesterfield's *Letters, Sentences, and Maxims*, has just been added to the Bayard Series of books. It is prefaced by a very interesting and acute critical essay, by M. Sainte-Beuve, and a brief but vigorous vindication of Lord Chesterfield, by the editor of the series. "From the two quartos of large margin and printing (the original *Letters*) this compact volume," says the writer, "is condensed." It makes a very admirable book, partly essay, partly table-talk, and partly, like Thackeray's letters to Brown the Younger, the pleasant, shrewd, gossiping advice of a cultivated man of the world. Of the Bayard series itself it is impossible to speak in too high terms. The collection is at once choice and varied; the books, some of which are rare, are all admirably edited; the typography, binding, and general appearance are very attractive; and the volumes are remarkably cheap, even in this age of cheapness. Among those already issued are the *Story of the Chevalier Bayard*; Hazlitt's *Round Table*; Coleridge's lyrical and imaginative poems; *Rasselas*; Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*; Cowley's Essays; Beckford's *Vathek*; a collection of Scandinavian Ballads, translated by Robert Buchanan; and a selection by Mr. Henry Morley, from the poems and songs of the Civil War in England (1630-1670).

When Theodore Hook was asked for a donation to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews, he replied that he had no money to give away, but if they sent him a Jew he would try and convert him. This was not quite what the society required, and Hook never heard from hem again.

WORK FOR ROYAL ACADEMY STUDENTS.—The Royal Academicians have determined to institute what may be called practical scholarships for the benefit of the abler students, to endow the posts for a limited period, and employ the holders, who will be required to compete for their honours, in decorative works of the higher and pictorial order on the walls of public buildings. The authorities at South Kensington have invited the Royal Academicians to use the walls of part of the new buildings of the Museum for this purpose, and the invitation has been accepted. There are plenty of public buildings to occupy the students in question; and the walls of hospital wards especially might, if decorated, entertain patients weary in mind and worn in body.

THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LORDS' COMMITTEES.—The other day a modest knock was heard at the door of a Belgravian mansion, and after Jeames had allowed the visitor to knock again, he condescended to open the door. "Is Lord L——at home?" said some one, who was instantly detected by the sagacious Jeames as somebody's "hown man hout of livery."—"No, he aint at home," replied Jeames; "but I say, old fellow, don't go off in such an 'urry. Just run round the corner, will you, and fetch a pint of 'alf-an-'alf." The obliging caller did as he was bid; ran round to the adjoining public-house, and speedily reappeared bearing a pint of foaming porter. "'Ave a drink, old chap," said Jeames, when he had slaked his own thirst. "No, thank you," said the visitor, "I don't drink so early in the morning, but I'll take the pot back, if you'll allow me; and, by the way, just tell your master, when he returns, that Lord Redesdale called."

Mr. E. J. Poynter, A.R.A., is engaged at present on designs for the decoration of the dome of the Central Hall of Sciences, at Kensington—an enormous work, to be executed in mosaic.

"Come back, sir, that's not the road," said Lord Eglinton to a trespasser in his park. "Do ye ken," said the offender, "whaur I'm gaun?" "No," replied his lordship. "Weel, hoo do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

THE MEMORY MAN.—A humorous comment on artificial memory was made by a waiter at an hotel where Feinagle dined, after giving his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the professor left the table the waiter entered, with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Well, I declare, the memory-man has forgotten his umbrella!"

ACTORS BEFORE THE SPECTACULAR ERA.—John Kemble in his convivial hours, used to tell of his own wandering life during his dramatic novitiate, that he once played Ventidius in *All for Love* with one ruffle, because neither his own nor the stock wardrobe could furnish two. In those days, even in the London theatres, all heroes of all countries and ages, Greeks, Romans, Ancient Britons, Plantagenet kings, Mediæval barons, and nobles of the early Georgian epoch, discharged their respective duties in heavy court suits. Booth and Quin acted Cato and Othello in this appropriate costume, and Garrick attired Macbeth like a state coachman in full livery. The Ghost in *Hamlet* wore a bag wig, cocked hat, and frilled shirt, when a suit of armour was beyond the finances of the company. On the occasion here alluded to, Kemble used only one arm at a time, thrusting the other, minus a ruffle, within the folds of his capacious waistcoat. When he wanted to relieve the monotony of action, he rapidly slipped both hands behind him, and in a trice changed the ruffle from one to the other.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

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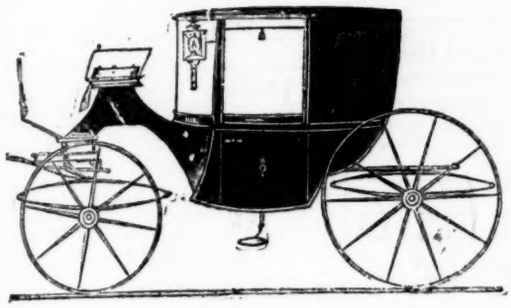

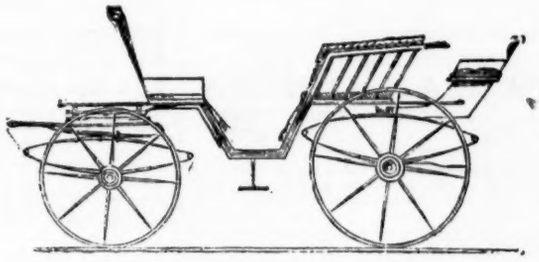

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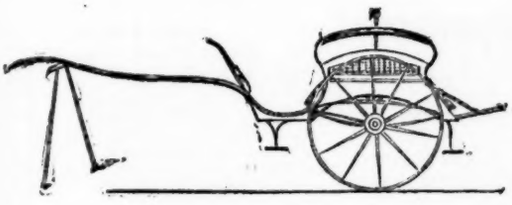

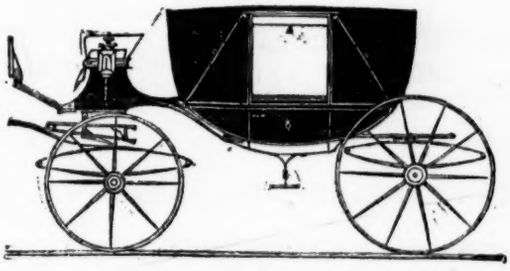

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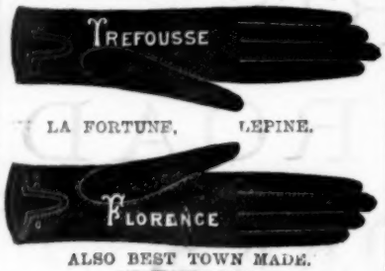

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